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THE
INVECTIVE:
A POEM.
WITH
SPECIMENS
OF
TRANSLATION
FROM THE
GREEK COMIC AND TRAGIC DRAMAS.

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DEDICATION.

TO DR. J. HILL, L.H.P.

SIR,

TO solicit your respect to a hasty, and, perhaps, abortive attempt in *INVECTIVE* Poetry, is a presumption in the Bard, which you may censure. The dedication of a Poem, the title of which is so rebutting, you may deem inapplicable to a character, which is distinguished for an amiable humanity, for a disposition to praise, rather than blame, for an aptitude to discern beauties, rather than faults, in the productions of art as well as nature.

Your taste in the fine arts, Sir, in every species of polite science, is elegant and unquestionable; and to obtrude upon your notice, upon your well-informed opinion, any composition that is crude and unfinished, may be regarded by you and the public, as an instance of improvident temerity, subject to the severest censure. Whether this poetical exertion, be of this character, it

is submitted to you to determine. I am conscious of your integrity as well as capability of judging; and am perfectly free from any apprehensions of censure, that are not well-founded.

Your sensibility, Sir, to goodness, to moral as well as natural beauty, your genius, taste and learning, have induced me to dedicate to you, a performance, which has for its object, the melioration of *Feeling, Taste and Manners.*

I remain,

SIR,

With esteem and friendship,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS *Jeu d'Esprit* would, long before this time, have made its appearance, but some previous engagements on the part of the Printer, have unfortunately prevented it.

The Author considers himself as being under such obligation to his Subscribers, as to *exhibit* the design of this Poem, which he has written under the invidious appellation of an INVECTIVE; a species of composition afflictive to personal feeling; and by a little more extension, capable of being made corrective of public police, municipal impropriety, and the malevolent rage of unprincipled faction.

Some writer, Junius I believe, has justly observed, that the mind, when compelled to degradation, recovers its level by revenge. Bishop Butler allows, and what I think of superior authority, common sense, and the sensibility of our common nature allow, that resent-

ment is a natural feeling, and, when properly qualified, receives the sanction of right reason and religion, and operates, in the human breast, as an antidote against the poison, infused into the cup of life, by enmity, whether it shews itself in the rage of party, or the malignant irritability of private feeling. But though an apology for invective poetry be found in the nature of man, I have no occasion to have recourse to it; the object of this satire is general and moral; it tends to diminish the influence which wealth has upon the mind, in forming its judgment of character, by leading us to consider it, in the usual modes of its acquisition, as injurious to many of the higher feelings of our nature; and by giving to talent and integrity their due estimation, in representing *them* as the only great qualifications for filling every station of civil life, and for directing us in the choice of those who are best fitted for acting in these stations with honour and propriety.

Whatever beneficial effects to a state may be derived from commerce, it, like every other human institution, has its disadvantages; every profession, every habit of civil life has its vices, its *queerness* and its foibles; to have stated these, is proper, because they may be avoided; to have described them in poetry, was only using the energy of our language and its colouring, to shew, in their proper lights and shades, virtues which claim esteem, and vices which rouse detestation. Justice, in a trading nation, is the predominant virtue, but not benevolence; and what the history of mankind

attests, has such confirmation, such valid authority, as may be relied upon, and requires no palliating or soothing vindication. The best informed political writers, as well as the Muse, have considered the habits, the talents, and education of merchants to be such, as to create, in that body of men a disqualification for rule; an inaptitude for designing an extensive scheme of government, or conducting it, when schemed, upon liberal, extensive and scientific principles. The history of American legislation is a proof in point; Franklin was a philosopher, and Washington a philosopher and a soldier. The turbulence of that commercial legislation is well known, and threatens to be, when her guardian genius is fled, destructive of civil order, quiet and felicity. Every thing is beautiful in its season; and every character is so, in those appropriated, those suitable offices of life, for which, by Heaven and education, it is qualified. It is sufficient, by industrious arts, to be the agents of diffusing the *materials* of pleasure through all the orders of civil life, without, at the same time, contriving the principles by which its movements are to be directed; or being in possession of that sagacity, which foresees contingencies, overrules their operation, and restores order and beauty to the general system.

Religion, to which some reference is made, in this essay, is easily distinguishable from the abuses, under which it disadvantageously appears, whether they exist in a rude period of society, or in an æra of excessive refinement. The author of the Christian system, that

elegant and correct standard of sentiment and conduct, preferred a chearful to a gloomy habit of mind, liberal and rational views of nature and providence, to a circumscribed and local scheme of religion, and evinced the superiority of this doctrine, by a life formed upon it, which recommends itself, by its excellency, to the honour, esteem and imitation of mankind.

Whether the extreme indulgence of sensual pleasure be best corrected by ridicule, or the ethic and religious system, I shall not determine. In the representation of its immorality, I have gone no further, than Doctor Don and Mr. Pope have gone; and they were friends to virtue and religion, as well as to the Muses. Where the Muse could, consistently with her view of things, be complimentary, she has been so; her praise is not vernal, and her censure is not malignant.

All unnecessary erections, and exorbitantly expensive, are improper; they supersede other elegant and necessary improvements; they therefore want utility; and are either unjust, or ridiculous. This short analysis of a little piece composed in the evenings of three weeks, is all I say to the public, to my friends, and (if I have any) to my enemies. The last I forgive, the rest, as in honour and feeling bound, I honour and esteem.

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THE INVECTIVE:

A P O E M.

Proud man, dress'd in a little brief authority,
(Most ign'rant of what he is most assur'd)
Plays such fantastic tricks in high Heav'n's sight,
As make the angels weep.

SHAKESPEAR.

Curs'd be the line, how well foe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *honest man* my foe.

Pope.

Th' accusing Muse, O DOEG! guides the song,
Whose only praise is not to *censure wrong*.
A soft address and a bewitching ease
Might flush each grace, and give the pow'r to please.
Then eloquent in song, her syren art
Would charm the ear and vibrate to the heart.
So sung the bard, whose easy numbers tell
He felt the passion, he describes so well.
Yet should *her-censure* Folly's maze pursue,
Progressive vice unfolding to the view ;
If wit and worth, from her incondite lay,
Receive those honours fools to *Wealth* still pay ;

Ingenious arts if she to praise aspire,
 Which you refine, with unabated fire,
 Where STIRLING's groves and pendent rocks are seen
 Shadowy set off, by night's imperial queen,
 (Seats of her youth, which still in fancy's glow,
 A fond, but momentary bliss bestow,)
 Then may her theme one classic suffrage claim,
 Which science blazons on the rolls of fame.

WHERE flaunting pride betrays each powder'd beau,
 And where the *real's* oft supply'd by *show*,
 Where mean self-int'rest plays her callous part,
 And chills the gen'rous feelings of the heart,
 Where wealthy fools on richest viands dine,
 And swell their veins with insolence and wine,
 Gay domes, in reg'lar order, pleasing rise,
 Their structure formal, and their lords are wise,
 Wise, wealth to draw ev'n from her thousand springs:
 O could they keep, as make, the bliss she brings!
 Nor swift decay alone, trade's bounty wastes,
 If fleet her bliss, 'tis poignant while it lasts.
 But baleful ills soon taint the sickly mind,
 Her pleasures gone, *desire* remains behind,
 The reign of LUXURY is now no more,
 And want, disease, and wildest passions roar.

If arts, the pomp of life, at length must fail
 From innate causes, seen in their detail,
 Seen in the records of all ages gone,
 Why trust, for human bliss, to arts alone?

But trade's decline and ills I shun to state,
 The wo is seldom felt, which comes but late.
 To mark the native *cankers* which consume
 Her full-blown beauty and her vernal bloom,
 'The bloom, which paint, both first and last supplies
 To cheat her lovers in the borrow'd guise,
 And thus trick'd out in cambric and in lace,
 To shew the lady to her proper place.
 This dares the Muse, in acrimonious lays;
 With the same coin she got, she also pays,
 Pays all her debtors, whom she leaves content
 With th' enormous int'rest of a cent per cent.

The rage of gain each busy bosom fires,
 Where honour sinks, and trade's gay banners rise.
 This ruling passion, weak, tho' first, at length
 Grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength,
 Pollutes the purest virtues in their source,
 Exalts the venom, and directs its course.

When the young mind is bent on sordid gain,
 Courts it by rule, and wins it oft with pain,
 When calculation rates minute expence,
 Values each good by figures, more than sense;
 The bliss procur'd, is to its owner true,
 His was the purchase, his the profit too.
 The soul, thus early to itself confin'd,
 Seldom extends its wishes to the kind.
 Th' incessant toil to heap the golden store,
 Tho' vast, to sigh and sweat for more and more,

Quite chills each feeling, chills each social glow,
And steels the heart against its fellow's wo.

The little circle which the Mercers court
By smiles, by banquets, and by gen'rous port,
All lend, by various modes, their useful pow'r
To prop his credit in the *dunning hour*.

In Heav'n as pity, here benev'lence dies,
An useless virtue to the rich and wise.

True man is form'd upon a plan divine,
Moral his feelings, and to good incline,
His mind, unbiass'd, leans to virtue's side,
Glory his aim, and virtue is his guide.
What pity! that a being gods adorn,
"Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn,"
Should, falling low, obscure his native light,
And sink, forlorn, in shades of deepest night.
But man, tho' firm, like clouds, receives each die,
Various the tints, in various order lie.
As law and states dispose the shades and lights,
A cow'rd who trembles, or a chief who fights,
Moulded by arts, appears a thousand ways,
An angel charms us, or a fiend dismays.
If Merc'ry (cheating god) should rule the hour,
And form his minions crafty by his pow'r,
His sons, as erst their sire, will dubious try
Th' artful trade, and nicely studied lie,
O'er seas will glide, thro' lands remote will roam,
Pelf to amass, adore, and gild their home.

When beauty yields and crowns the lovers with,
The joy obtain'd, few think the deed amiss.

So, Fortune's minions, danger past and toils,
From either India filch the glitt'ring spoils.
In town, when domes, in country, villas rise,
In gilded car, when grandeur dazzling flies,
The gaudy pomp allures our giddy view,
The means which brought it, seldom we pursue.

Though endless gold, the wealthy man can tell,
His domes and lawns contiguous pride excel,
Tho' Pleasure court him with her Proteus mien;
And fighting beauties soften all the scene,
Nature is nature still; the monied fool,
Taught to acquire, by int'rest's sordid rule,
Unmov'd, can view each gay, each soft delight,
In spite of Heav'n, in social nature's spite.

So INKLE, rating time and fortune lost,
No sooner leaves his charming Indian's coast,
Than, spurning lovely beauty's melting charms,
Thrusts weeping YAR'CO from his sordid arms;
With marble heart, the friendless fair can tell,
Who sav'd and nurs'd him in her regal cell.

'Twas her's, with woman's soothing arts to heal,
The anguish of his mind to cure and feel,
His cares expell'd, t'induce a soft repose,
And opiate, by her charms, his pungent woes.

Her countrymen, she knew, by fury borne,
 The helpless stranger's mangled limbs had torn;
 Their savage wiles eluding, shields her love,
 And guides him safely thro' the fragrant grove;
 With richest fruits she stores her genial board,
 And all the dainties her wild realms afford.

Oft, on her breast reclin'd, he panting lies,
 Fir'd by the love he catches from her eyes.
 The youth t' amuse, she bends her wanton care,
 And plaits, with gentle hand, his waving hair;
 Pleas'd with her arts, he swears eternal love,
 And calls to gods his plighted vows to prove.
 The raptur'd nymph resigns her mighty charms,
 And sinks, by love oppress'd, in INKLE's arms.

O sacred union! that no discord knows,
 But as it cools alike, alike it glows.
 Yet, soon are fled, the joys which pleas'd before,
 And love, and faith, and honour, are no more!

What demon, INKLE, that ill-omen'd hour,
 Urg'd thee to treat ev'n with a pirate's pow'r,
 Urg'd thee, a nymph so peerless and divine,
 For gold to barter——when to love was thine?

Say, (and anguish wrung thy heart to tell
 The arts, by which, so low thy honour fell;)
 'Twas curst rage of gain, which, taught to prize
 In early youth, and view with longing eyes,

The young desire, fed by example, grew,
 Thy nature alter'd, and corrupted too.
 The moving tale, unfolds the Comic Muse,
 To it our sighs and hate we ne'er refuse.
 The sons of trade, by it are taught to know
 The dint of pity and the pang of wo.
 It GLOTTA's sons, with feeling, often hear,
 And o'er thy baseness drop the virtuous tear.
 Their Dames, the tender YARICO bewail,
 With sighs that sob, and tears that never fail.
 Their lovers, tender, gallant and discreet,
 No harsh repulse their soft addresses meet.
 Thy story fabled, every nymph believes,
 But Love is blind, and nymphs too oft deceives.
 Not so the Muse ; she injur'd, knows them well,
 Their secret plans, experienc'd, she can tell ;
 Can tell, that wealth, when arm'd with ins'lent pow'r,
 Will strut in state, and watch the fev'rish hour.
 Can phrenzy's rage, nor pity, nor protect,
 But villains lure, their cursed aims direct,
 Nefarious aims in virtue's guise pursue,
 The profit theirs, O were th' infamy too !

Your's a police, barbarous and unkind,
 Chaotic forms of rule but ill-defin'd ;
 This truth attests a round unvarnish'd tale,
Fair Truth is potent, and her charms prevail.
 And, sooner shall the CLYDE forget to flow,
 Jockies to cheat—and Ladies hate a Beau,

Than friendly truths our credit not obtain,
In reason's sway, and Brunswick's happy reign.

As, swooning, on your streets a female lay,
A babe clung to her breast in wild dismay ;
Her paly visage in the sinking hour,
And infant's screams, had won a fiend's pow'r,
Had sooth'd the damn'd in penal hell's abode,
And ev'n struck pity from th' *infernal* god.
I saw (and so did Heav'n) your cits swift pass
With tiger-eye, and hearts of beaten brass ;
The satellites of justice pass'd and scowl'd,
So lambs are left, o'er whom fell wolves have prowld.
Then, Father of the fatherless, I cry'd,
That pity shew, which mortals have deny'd,
In mercy come to wand'ring woe's relief,
For dear to thee the child of wo and grief.
With eager haste, I to the woman flew,
And gold a shelter got, to mis'ry due.
JEFFRAY, distress, to you sufficient lure,
You sent for, saw, and gave the healing cure ;
The dying mother to the babe restor'd,
While glowing seraphs the bright deed record.
If polish'd life, unmov'd, this scene could see,
Who would not weep, if GLOTTA it were thee ?
Thy stalking-horse I'll lash, as fleet, he flies,
A castigation, grateful to the skies.—

A man of wo, as fierce December blew,
Insenate lay, while pass'd a savage crew.

No tender heart, no gentle hand was found,
 To lift his body from the gelid ground ;
 O'er all his limbs death flew with chilling art,
 And, swift advancing, fought the vital part ;
 The purple current, freezing, ceas'd to flow,
 As nipp'd the frost, and fell the drifted snow.
 Him saw, the trusty guard, whom GLOTTA chose
 Her peace to keep, not shelter human woes ;
 They saw, nor pitied, faith their only guide,
 And so, like Levites, kept the other side.
 Two sons of *Alma Mater*, taught to feel
 The pains of others, and these pains to heal,
 (The love of pity, science, sure, instills,
 Illumes the head, and thro' the heart it thrills).
 The leaden corpse, with falt'ring steps, they bore
 To GLOTTA's guard-house ; slowly op'd the door.
 " An heir of sorrow, cit'zens, claims your care,
 " His suff'rings sooth, and pitying Heav'n will spare:
 " Nearer no friendly shelter could be found,
 " Tender your hearts, and hallow'd is this ground."

" No sickly vagrant rudely enters here,
 " His woes we feel not, nor your words will hear ;
 " Remove this wretch straight from our injur'd eyes,
 " His bed the ground, his canopy the skies."

" No : by Him who rules bright Heav'n's pure abode
 " And of distress is the avenging God,
 " This son of wo, shall here a shelter find,
 " Your threats we heed not, barb'rous and unkind.

" Is this the doctrine holy men reveal,
 " Nature to harden, and your hearts to steel ?
 " Your far-fam'd zeal, alas ! too well we know,
 " The formal round of rites you whining go.
 " Your churchmen, these, to mercy still prefer ;
 " Can orthodox divines so widely err,
 " That system of humanity obscure,
 " Which Heav'n vouchsaf'd, our woes to sooth and cure ?
 " That system taught, that he, who others' woes
 " Seeing, not pities, Heav'n's bright bliss forgoes.
 " The test of virtue, in th' ether'al sky,
 " Is wo to help, or over it to sigh.
 " These charities, the heav'n-born sons display,
 " And win, by them, the seats of radiant day.—
 " But know, if deaf to Heav'n's and mis'ry's claim,
 " You virtue tarnish, and religion's name ;
 " Your country's laws protect ; to them we bring
 " This Guard, foes to the City and the King."
 What Heav'n, what outcast mis'ry could not find,
 To law was giv'n ; their fears alone were kind.—
 Admitted, now, to heat's enliv'ning force,
 The vital spirit moves with rapid course,
 Pervades th' arterial system, and the heart,
 And thrills through nature, with restoring art.
 Pleas'd with our charge, indignant at his foes,
 We sooth *his* anguish, and *their* ire oppose ;
 As men we felt, and thought, for wo to feel,
 Was Briton's honour, and our country's weal.

Austere this race ; and wore religion's gloom :
 Their Ladies, saints, or in, or out of bloom.

A sanctimonious night had then o'erspread
 The sacred altar and the genial bed.
 Each devotee a mask'd religion wore,
 And play'd the part his fire had play'd before.
 Maids, tir'd with weeping, straight, retir'd to pray,
 And told their mattins, till the dawning day.
 Far from the ascetic reign, each joy was flown,
 And moping spleen and gloom were all their own.
 Then superstition rear'd her awful shrine,
 And gloom'd a chaos on the laws divine;
 The *mode* of faith, more than the *rule* reveal'd,
 While gleam'd the sword, and rung the tented field.
 In each extreme, religion's lovely form,
 Fades like the rose, beneath the chilling storm;
 Or, eagle-like, she injur'd, soaring flies,
 Far from our globe, and gains her native skies.

Now other tenets, other modes obtain,
 And superstition flies a sceptic reign.
 From Gaul he comes, the impious fiend, who brings
 Revolt to subjects, and dismay to Kings.
 With eye infernal, views each polish'd state,
 To glad his vot'ries, sinking to its fate.
 He, fiend accurs'd, revolts from civil forms,
 To glare mid wrecks of kingdoms and their storms.
 Around his banners, motley groups are seen,
 And spoils of nations swell the purple scene.
 Here, all who fail in fortune or in fame,
 Who Statesmen envy, and who Statesmen blame,
 Who proudly scorn, by honest arts to rise,
 And look at others' wealth, with longing eyes;

Who, form'd to drudge, at studious ease aspire,
 And fondly argue, tho' no Muse inspire;
 All who expect from change to *filch* renown,
 To plume themselves by pulling grandeur down,
 Who, bold in freedom's cause, scowl at the throne,
 And count its friends the foes of man alone.
 All these, the demon own, his influence feel,
 Madden round the land, with pamphlets and steel.

To vindicate the laws, assert the state,
 Thunders her *Genius*, with the voice of fate.
 Array'd in arms divine, he gleams dismay
 On felons, who resist his lawful sway;
By varied death, dooms traitors to expire;
 Condign decision of celestial ire!
 Others, he drives far from his guardian shore,
 To rocks, round whose bleak forms, incessant tempests roar,
 Fell crimes to expiate, there reclin'd they lie,
 "And muse on Freedom with a war'ry eye."
 O fate accurs'd! O destiny severe!
 At which no patriot-Briton, sheds a tear.
 Thy wrongs, Britannia, such revenge demand,
 And all thy foes, unpitied, fly thy strand.
 They fly, and, with them, every evil flown,
 Leave Freedom's sons to guard thy ancient throne.
 Our vivid state, thus flush'd, in pristine bloom,
 Regains her arts, and wastes her sick'ning gloom.

But cease, my Muse, cease, farther to explore,
 The fate of aliens to thy native shore.

'Tis thine, in well-attested lays, to sing
Faults in police, with all the ills they bring,

Existing laws, tho' just, if ill-applied,
The streams of justice forcing, turn aside,
In partial channels dark and muddy flow,
Nor show Heav'n's face, reflected from below.

Vain is the mind of vast unletter'd pow'r,
Gaudy as clouds, or æther's painted show'r.
Th' aerial pomp still meets our dazzled view,
If it be gorgeous, it is empty too.

To decorate the proud biennial reign,
Some sculptur'd fabric tow'rs with rich disdain;
Or cross the roaring flood, in arch'd array,
Pontific piles arise, in order gay;
Structures superb, to eternize a name,
The useless trophies of a wat'ry fame.

Free and long, CLYDE roll'd his clayey wave,
His Naiad's gambol, and their bodies lave.
Each pow'r who wanders thro' the oozy deep,
Was free to wander, or was free to sleep;
But, now, molested in his wat'ry reign,
Each river-god, indignant, owns his pain,
That o'er his stream the colonade of stone
Usurps the honours of his azure throne;
Usurps the space, by ocean's laws assign'd,
And Him who rules the spirit of the wind.

The gods, in senate met, revolv'd the theme,
 And sea green nymphs, who winnow GLOTTA's stream.
 The parent-god, with air majestic rose,
 A coral crown adorn'd his azure brows,
 His verdant mantle, graceful, wav'd behind,
 Hush'd were the billows, as he spoke, and wind.

" An insult dire, ye liquid pow'rs, assails
 " Our wat'ry realm, which endless mist exhales.
 " Long have we wash'd the walls of GLOTTA's town,
 " Our tides have roll'd her wealth and fair renown,
 " Wing'd from our channel, flies the gelid air,
 " Smoke to expel, and bloom to give the fair,
 " To flush commercial nymphs in all their charms,
 " And grace them for a lover's ardent arms.
 " For cold the Mercer's heart, nor eas'ly fir'd,
 " Unless a VENUS smiles, in lace attir'd,
 " In all the finery of the loom appears,
 " And charms with beauty, as with wealth she cheers.

" Smooth flows our stream, where washing-maids con-
 " To whiten linen on the daisied green, [vene,
 " Our wave, from show'ring jars humectates clothes,
 " And nymphs refit them for proud GLOTTA's beaus.
 " But what avails it, all this good to bring
 " In wat'ry stores from ev'ry Naiad's spring?
 " Another BRIDGE obstructs our limpid way,
 " Annoys our nymphs, and stints our regal sway;
 " And where, ye gods, this stony way may end,
 " Is hard to say, if we our wrath suspend.

"To gild his name, each purple regent tries,
 " And BRIDGES crowd our stream, or spires the skies.
 " But, sure, immortal fame was never won
 " By rearing arches of stupendous stone.
 " Mortals, to gain renown, must wide extend
 " The plans of peace, which others bless and mend,
 " With sages think, with seraphs feelings glow,
 " In dealing well Heav'n's bounty here below ;
 " The schemes of rule which form and polish man
 " On nature's mild and still unerring plan ;
 " The civil institutions which reform,
 " Amid the gloom of empire and its storm ;
 " These to design, and follow to their end,
 " Is heav'n to win, by being virtue's friend.

" Of grievous imposts to reform th' abuse,
 " Streets to new pave, or else correct the stews ;
 " Where paly artists ply the sickly trade
 " Baths to erect, which nerve with healing aid ;
 " Pellucid streams to lead from gelid springs,
 " With all the health the cooling bev'rage brings ;
 " These are the arts which win a deathless name,
 " And blazon far a Regent's splendid fame.
 " To these, inferior, stoop the proud arcade,
 " The bridge's pomp, and temple's sculptur'd shade.

" What honour equal Learning's domes to raise,
 " And win, by polite arts, immortal praise ?
 " These to endow with wealth, trade's arts afford,
 " (Divine the Muses, and of genial board)

" Is men to form with nicely cultur'd art,
 " To shine in life, and act a noble part.
 " But venal factions fill illit'rate schools
 " With fawning pedants, art's and nature's fools,
 " Whose souls proud science never taught to stray
 " Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 " But simple knowledge to their minds has giv'n
 " To tell, in diction vile, the thoughts of Heav'n.—
 " The Roman language, graceful, lofty, bold,
 " Which poet's sung, to nations senates told,
 " Is, in their schools taught on abortive plan,
 " Translate they feebly what they ne'er could scan ;
 " *Origo, still, is origo with them,*
 " *Doctores pudor ! ac discipuli hem !*
 " Ancient manners, laws and rites to trace,
 " Progressive arts and wisdom of our race ;
 " These to instil into the youthful mind,
 " Taught now to bless and civilize the kind,
 " Nature and art to temper and combine
 " For human use, by *Alchymy* divine ;
 " This forms no part of their didactic plan,
 " And stints our nation, in its growth of man.

" True, *Alma Mater* lends her parent hand,
 " Divine *her* genius, and her manners bland.
 " She, ev'ry art, in elegance arrays,
 " While Muses bind her honour'd brow with bays.
 " Within her tuneful shades have flourish'd long
 " The cultur'd train, the maids of sacred song :

" Her sons they teach bright science to refine
 " With attic fire, and radiant light divine.—
 " Her list of wits adorns the classic page,
 " Their works, the wonder of a letter'd age.
 " Thy rival, Athens, she, in ev'ry art,
 " Which polishes the mind, or mends the heart.

" Great HUTCHISON was thine, a sacred name,
 " Benign his system, splendid as his fame.
 " Humane the sage, who taught, that *feeling well*
 " Was virtue's test, and vice would best expel.
 " The moral sense, instinctive pow'r! he shews,
 " Feels that *distinction*, reason only knows.

" SMITH, too, was thine, who, with an angel's views,
 " The source of wealth, thro' all its streams pursues,
 " Sails down, serene, the current, as it flows,
 " Reason, her chart and guidance sure bestows—
 " He form'd his Ethics on historic base;
 " A graceful fabric of immortal praise.

" REID follow'd next; the sage saw far and deep,
 " The laws of mind observ'd, her powers keep.
 " Feelings *innate, instinctive* and *divine*,
 " He mark'd and drew their nicely bounding line;
 " The moral pow'rs and reasons well explain'd,
 " And, with a sage's fame, has proudly reign'd.
 " His system novel, labour'd and profound,
 " Will beam effulgent on a classic ground.

" M—AR, far-fam'd and learned in the law,
 " The *Civil Code*, in colours bright, you draw.
 " Acute and elegant to subtilize,
 " Your the'ries charm us, and your pow'rs surprise.
 " As Addison philosophy refin'd,
 " Law, by your art, has ev'ry grace combin'd.
 " To gentlest manners, reason's force you lend,
 " The student's teacher, and the student's friend.
 " Accept (thy due) a river-god's just lays,
 " Just, when thy worth he sings, and well-earn'd praise.

" Him too, I sing, for Attic lore renown'd,
 " Friend to ingenious arts, and classic ground.
 " With genius' fires, he reads the Grecian page,
 " And paints its meaning with a Poet's rage.
 " So great Longinus wrote; his strain was new,
 " And form'd himself, the great sublime he drew.
 " Critic and Poet, Linguist, deep and clear,
 " In thee the arts, which charm, all bright appear.
 " Candid and good, thy students gild thy name,
 " Well pleas'd, the skies shall hear thy waisted fame.

" *Her Poet*, next, a god essays to sing,
 " While cozy lawns and coral vallies ring.
 " For thee, O Corsica! his spirit griev'd,
 " And sung the fame thy patriot-son achiev'd.
 " 'Twas heav'n-born Liberty inspir'd his song,
 " The goddess bright, who cheers the civil throng.
 " Moral and attic is this Poet's strain,
 " Sweet are his numbers, and divine his vein

" Fans Shakespear's fire, till the effulgent blaze
 " Beams bright, and warms us with celestial rays.
 " Melpomene, thro' all her maze, pursues,
 " A subtle Critic, and a polish'd Muse.

" For worth approv'd, well-pleas'd, I change the lays,
 " Provok'd to satire, tho' inclin'd to praise ;
 " Who scowls in Church or State, I count the same,
 " But sacred deem a fair and honest fame.

" These men were form'd with pow'rs a state to guide,
 " And next her guardian genius to preside ;
 " White-mantl'd Justice would from heav'n descend,
 " Their counsels honour and their rights defend,
 " Unerring law, with heav'n-born aim, dispense,
 " And shield our far-won wealth, with honour's fence.—

" For sons like these the sacred Muses raise
 " The golden trumpet of eternal praise ;"
 " Names, dear to fame, thro' all the world renown'd,
 " Each region hears, and wafts the immortal sound.—
 " These sons of fame, EDINA, rival thine,
 " In numbers, as in genius, more divine.
 " The *healing art*, thine, long have studied well,
 " In *it* they first, and last, and best excel.
 " In other arts, to GLOTTA's senate yield,
 " The combat warm, and keenly fought the field.
 " O noble contest ! and O glorious heat !
 " Felt only by the wise, the good, and great.
 " Thy Police, more correct ; but Mercers still
 " The city rule, nor rule with wisdom's skill.

" Their conduct partial, and thy sway, we find
 " Keen as thy air, and as thy blasts unkind.
 " Unlike that angel, who, bent to reform,
 " Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
 " Calm and serene, he drives the blast's career,
 " His mission sacred, and his honour dear.

" No hummer I, to praise a titled name,
 " Impartial as a god, his rights I claim.
 " And, now, ye pow'rs, I swell my foaming tide
 " To sink this pile, the boast of lawless pride;
 " Let ev'ry god and Naiad of the deep,
 " The trident wield, while billows roaring sweep.
 " Soon shall our waves a liquid ruin send,
 " Deluge yon fields, and GLORIOUS'S arches rend."——

Thus spoke, in full, the senior god, and frown'd;
 The liquid lawns, consenting votes resound.
 Amid the shout, up rose a gelid god,
 Second in pow'r; the Naiads dread his nod.
 The chastest he, of all the limpid plain,
 Cool is his stream, and love is his disdain;
 Unhallow'd love, which holy rites not knows,
 But lust it fires, and with desire it glows.
 Diana's nymphs of old, bath'd in his stream,
 But modern belles, him fly, with yelling scream;
 His frigid waters chill their ardent flames,
 And wildest passions, by his *tremor*, tames.
 Solemn, the chrystal pow'rs, he thus address'd,
 While virtuous cares rise in his pious breast.

“ In seven fam’d streams let *Nile* impetuous flow,
 “ And perfum’d zephyrs from the Indies blow.
 “ From *GLOTTA*’s milky stream, a gentle breeze
 “ Fans the green groves, and whispers thro’ the trees.
 “ With Triton shells I’ve made his vallies ring,
 “ And taught his nymphs in sweetest notes to sing.
 “ Smooth, from his source, as *GLOTTA* rolls along,
 “ He stops, and listens to my moving song.
 “ The tow’ring beeches cease to wave their boughs,
 “ And each gay Naiad to carol as she flows.
 “ Now massy frames of hostile stone impede
 “ Each river-god, who stems our sacred tide.
 “ The aged monarch of th’ aquatic reign
 “ Resents the insult with a god’s disdain.
 “ Him I assist, who wisely rules our state,
 “ When he approves, ’twould be a crime to hate.
 “ Join, all ye pow’rs, who cleave the wat’ry flood
 “ To sink this pile, which bodes to us no good.
 “ This, the decree of him, who rules below,
 “ By whom our chalky billows ebb and flow.
 “ But other crimes vindictive wrath inspire,
 “ And, sure, tremendous is a wat’ry ire.
 “ It felt the impious race, when ocean’s main
 “ Broke loose, and delug’d *TERRA*’s ample plain :
 “ Them, as they rioted in love’s delight,
 “ The flood o’erwhelm’d, and sunk in endless night.
 “ Ill fares the land, where Pleasure’s wants in train,
 “ Barter each charm for ill-persuading gain ;
 “ Then rival arts their venal aid employ,
 “ To give false raptures to the guilty joy.

" Venereal rites pollute obscene abodes,
 " And anger rouse ev'n in the breast of gods.
 " Them I will visit with my vengeful flood,
 " And sweep, lascivious, in their mirthful mood.
 " Oft have I menac'd, still inclin'd to spare,
 " In pity to the wailing, wand'ring fair;
 " But, now, no more to punish I refrain,
 " Each—shall shiver in her hot domain.

" *Asmodeus* oft, as to this town he flies
 " I mark and follow with indignant eyes,
 " In tempest's roar, I soon assail his flight,
 " Though shaded by the fable wing of night,
 " Th' am'rous god, I duck, and howling send
 " To where fair nymphs his sister-queen attend.

" Superior worth exalts my honour'd name,
 " Ye sons of GLOTTA, and deserves acclaim.
 " By me advis'd, impure abodes deride,
 " Blush where ye ought, and spurn insulting pride.
 " Yet mild with the mild, to rev'rend age discreet,
 " Let ev'ry tie its proper duty meet.
 " Of virgin modesty, the mirror true,
 " Do ye the chastest, purest rules pursue.
 " I bid you shun the sprightly fyren's door,
 " And see, unmov'd, the attractions of a ———;
 " Lest, by her charms allur'd, and deaf to fame,
 " Ye taint the lustre of your former name.—
 " 'Tis your's to guard a parent's sacred right,
 " T' esteem his counsel, study his delight.

“ That age to cherish, which taught your youth to rise,
 “ The filial charge, and grateful to the skies.”

Return, my Muse, return from wat'ry plains,
 Each oozy god, enthron'd, there wisely reigns.
 Return, the destin'd theme again pursue,
 And other scenes, and other gods review.

Whate'er the arts, by which the Mercers rise,
 These arts unfit for rule, nor bind the wise ;
 To partial int'rest all its pow'rs confin'd,
 A gen'ral good but feebly feels the mind.

Hence, states which glitt'ring commerce propp'd alone,
 Like meteors vanish'd, as like meteors shone :
 Proud Carthage, Hannibal, thy valour fav'd,
 Soon stoop'd to Rome, she impotently brav'd.
 Had not a trading faction gold deny'd,
 Imperial Rome had swell'n thy country's pride.

Batavia, erst the seat of heroes bold,
 Whose bosoms freedom fir'd ere curst gold,
 Soon as the rage of gain thy genius sway'd,
 Wither thy honours, and thy laurels fade.
 Thy partial favour riches now command,
 And all the virtues fly thy venal land.

When BRITAIN, with a gen'rous ardour fir'd,
 To shield thee from the cruel Gaul aspir'd,

She saw thee shrinking on thy native plains,
 While GALLIA, vaunting, forg'd her iron chains;
 She, who to the insidious foe would never yield,
 Recall'd thy flying legions to the field;
 Them to embolden, wakes her native fire,
 And forces hostile legions to retire.
 But all in vain: thy heroes were no more,
 And venal cowards lin'd thy hated shore.
 Dauntless, with grief, she saw thee recreant fly,
 Alone she fought, for poltrons dar'd to die.
 The British Chief, by thee forsook, exclaim'd,
 (BRITONS for honour and for pride are fam'd):
 Amphibious race, now sudden be your fall,
 May man undam you, and —————
 O shame to nations, honour, and to arms!
 Whom neither int'rest nor thy glory warms.
 But Gaul now tames thee, o'er all thy states he sways,
 Drains thee of wealth, and thy lov'd trade decays.

Fools! to believe a God-denying foe,
 Who Heav'n defy'd, would bless his race below;
 That monsters, with their monarch's blood distain'd,
 Would captives pity, who in chains complain'd;
 Who, in a dungeon plung'd their beauteous Queen,
 Of angel-aspect and bewitching mien;
 Then, false as hell, the beauteous fair arraign'd,
 And, next, condemn'd for crimes their treason feign'd.

Thus fell a long-descended race of kings;
 Such bliss a Gallic Revolution brings!

Nor fell alone ; for soon a vengeful blow
 Dispatch'd the felons to the shades below :
 Old Chaos reel'd, as thro' his realms they flew,
 And Satan, grinning, hail'd the rebel crew.

But ev'n thine ancient state was feebly plann'd,
 While, HOLLAND, merchants rul'd thy sordid land :
 A sep'rate int'rest from the common weal,
 These rulers cherish'd ; nor for thee could feel.
 To drive the gainful trade, thy ruin sped,
 The *Mighty Lords* the empire oft betray'd.
 The Gen'ral States, sway'd by partic'lar good,
 It feeling most, they most and best pursu'd ;
 When selfish views with public weal agreed,
 Thy patriots brows might wear the civic meed.

Unlike that sea-girt isle, belov'd by Heav'n,
 To whom of earthly states it most is giv'n
 To rule by law, to all an equal friend,
 Whose sanction, guardian angels, pleas'd attend.
 Here, all the forms of wisest rules await
 To fence the fabric of a well-pois'd state.
 The monied men, or native fields who own,
 Come, by the Peers, submissive, to the throne,
 And if their claims tend to the public weal,
 The King approves the bliss his people feel :
 'Tis his, o'er all to extend his regal care,
 His envied fame his people make and share,
 Their weal adds lustre to his *triple* crown,
 And gives to it a fair and high renown.

O splendid monarch of a people free!
 May Heav'n its choicest bliss still shed on thee;
 And, while thy Britons ev'ry art refine,
 Which raises human to the life divine,
 Still may'st thou reign their patron and their king,
 And grace the loyal favours which they bring.
 Long may'st thou teach them piety to feel,
 At holy altars rev'rently to kneel,
 Of hallow'd rites frequent the pure abode,
 And offer incense to the MIGHTY God,
 To laud with thee the Monarch of the sky,
 With uplift hand and holy-raptur'd eye,
 The patriot-feelings, SIRE, will ardent glow,
 As rise our anthems from thy realms below.

END OF THE INVECTIVE,

CIRC
 To de

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION

FROM THE

GREEK COMIC AND TRAGIC DRAMAS.

THE Author of these Specimens has in contemplation, at present, a translation of the Comic Pieces of the Greek Poet, ARISTOPHANES. The Choral Odes will be translated into verse; but the Conversation-scenes, he thinks, will be best expressed in prose, which has a colloquial ease and felicity our poetry has not hitherto attained. The Comic Pieces of this Poet are eleven, and to my version of them I design to prefix a history of his life, and a *critique* illustrative of their beauties and faults, agreeably to the principles of fine writing. This work, beside an adequate knowledge of the Greek Language, will require an extensive and minute research into ancient manners and usages, and will be followed out, if a liberal encouragement is afforded by subscription.

ADDRESS OF SOCRATES TO THE AIR AND CLOUDS;

FROM THE NEPHELAÏ OF ARISTOPHANES.

CIRCLING this pendent globe, AIR, boundless king,
To deck thy throne, METEORS their radiance bring;

The CLOUDS their *lightning* and their *thunder* lend,
Thy sky to fire, and TERRA's oaks to rend.

Mount æther's heights, ye CLOUDS, in richest die,
And there effulgent, charm my raptur'd eye.
Serene, invok'd, pace flow through fields of air,
Bright are your tints, the ground they die is fair.
O come! and to a mortal's view I'll shew
Your forms which change, and as they change, they glow.

As on Olympus' snowy top divine
You form, and draw the azure lengthen'd line;
Or mid his bow'rs, where ocean's billows sweep,
Tread, with the sea-green nymphs, his oozy deep,
In winding maze to wat'ry music move,
And hear the surges as they roar above;
Or, at Nile's streams, your golden vases fill,
Vases, which soon their liquid stores distil;
Or else, Mæotis' lake or Mima's snow
Invest, or mounting high, or flitting low.

Where'er,
Accept, well-pleas'd, our victim and our pray'r,
Alike the objects of your guardian care!

ACT I. ODE AND STROPHE.

CHORUS.

SKY-POTENT king, ether'al god,
Thee I invoke, in holy ode,

And ocean's trident lord, whose sway
 His briny deep and earth obey.
 And far-fam'd æther, vital pow'r!
 Thee, vivid parent, I adore,
 And him, who drives, with steeds of light,
 Day's beaming car, the foe of night;
 Earth's flow'ry fields afar illume,
 And flush their gay and vivid bloom;
 By gods high honour'd where you shine,
 By grateful mortals held divine.

ANTODE AND ANTISTROPHE.

CHORUS.

WHERE the tall cliff of Cynthus tow'rs,
 Where bloom the roseate Delian bow'rs,
 To thee I lowly homage owe,
 God of the silver-twanging bow.
 Thy guardian influence extend,
 And me from fiends hate defend.

Where, with a chaste engaging mien,
 Moves the fair Ephesian Queen,
 Where Lydian nymphs surround her shrine,
 Refulgent with the rites divine,
 There in her golden-beaming fane,
 Let me invoke her triple name.

Near thee, who wield'st the Gorgon shield
 In th' ensanguin'd martial field,

Native guardian of this land,
 A dauntless votary I stand.
 The patriot-feelings, goddess, glow,
 When, urg'd by thee, I meet the foe.

And since the maids of song invite
 The jolly god to wisdom's height,
 Since there he revels keeps with grace,
 And smiling, shews his honest face,
 Him I will sing in festive lay,
 Since to enjoy, is to obey.

ANTEPIRREMA OF VERSES,

BY THE CHORUS.

The Clouds, in this play, afforded the Poet a machinery, to convey to the Athenians, strictures on their religion and civil polity; and this art of the Poet was necessary to insinuate reproof, on these delicate points, to a people proud of their fame, their learning, and their arms.

CLOUDS:

INTENT to tilt it on th' ether'al plain,
 We met the leader of the starry train.
 As roll'd the silver orb, said she, apprise
 Th' estate of Athens and her grand allies,
 How night's imper'al queen, indignant feels,
 That gen'ral favour, gen'ral coolness yields.
 Each lunar round a drachm and torch you save,
 All this you own, and this from me you have.

As I pursue my destin'd maze, you say,
 Boy, buy no lights, eclips'd by Phœbe's ray—
 Pleas'd with your gen'ral plan, the parts offend;
 The hallow'd, with the civil days, you blend.
 The gods enrag'd, scowl at the queen of heav'n,
 No altar's incense, and no homage giv'n.
 Back to the blest'd abodes, they murm'ring fly,
 At rites unpaid, the tribute of the sky.
 When smoaking incense, should our gods regale,
 In courts, you quibble, till the client's pale.
 A solemn day, in heav'n, we, mourning, keep,
 Should mortals drink and sing, when gods do weep?
 Our griefs to Memnon and Sarpedon due,
 Unfelt, unpit'ed, and despis'd by you.—
 What? instal our scribe, and then forsake the fane?
 Torn be his crown, his consecration vain.
 Plum'd with what honours, to him what pow'r is giv'n?
 A fane-recorder claim the rites of heav'n!
 Forbid it, gods! infer'or pow'rs, forbid!
 pour all your vials, on his devoted head;
 Or else, *my circling course*, learn to revere,
 And let your standard be the lunar year.—

EPIRREMA OF VERSES,

BY THE CHORUS OF CLOUDS,

*Containing an address to the Audience, in the manner of the
Modern Epilogue.*

CLOUDS.

THE bliss we bring, O critics! we will tell,
 If ye this chorus love and honour well.

When blushing spring invites the peasant's toil,
 Our earl'est dews, will drill your genial soil,
 Exalt the purple juices of the vine,
 And nature temper, by our art divine,
 But mortals, know, as deities, we claim
 The honours, due to a celestial name;
 These but refuse, and low'ring storms appear
 To blast the jocund harvest of the year.—
 Soon as the olive flow'rs, and vines are prun'd,
 Rattles our hail, and the gay bloom's consum'd.
 As the roof'd dome receives its slated load,
 The icy show'r, and vengeance of the god
 To powder grinds the fiery-temper'd tile,
 The pride and shelter of the naked pile.
 The pseudo-critic, fir'd, by love, to wed,
 Our pow'r shall own, ev'n in his bridal bed;
 In tempest's roar, all night, we'll stun his ears,
 And quench his am'rous flame with chilling fears,
 To torrid climes, well-pleas'd, he will conform,
 Rather than kiss his wife, amid our storm.
 Such to assail, we Clouds, will ne'er refuse,
 Who falsely blame, must expiate the Muse.

PROLOGUE TO THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES,
 A GREEK TRAGEDY.

SPOKEN BY THE NURSE.

O! that, with vent'rous speed, far from this land,
 Argo had never moor'd in Colchis' strand,
 Nor Peleus' groves supply'd his planks of pine,
 To form this first-rate of the Grecian line,

Mann'd with heroic chiefs, both wise and bold,
 The far-fam'd fleece, to win, of massy gold.
 Jolco's towers, Medea had not seen,
 Nor Jason fir'd th' affections of a queen,
 Thy sons, Pel'as, her eloquence subdu'd,
 Had still been guiltless of their father's blood.
 Corinth, th' imperial race would ne'er have known,
 Whose elop'd queen, by arts, her favour won.
 With fondest love, she lives but for her Lord,
 And wedlock binds, by ties, her charms afford.

O sacred union, which no discord knows !
 But as it cools alike, alike it glows.
 Now each gay joy is fled that pleas'd before,
 And love, and faith, and honour are no more !
 For Jason, now, to other loves has sped,
 And woo'd a foreign princess to his bed.
 O'er him, fair Glauca holds resistless sway,
 Daughter of Creon, whom these realms obey.
 My queen, in tears, bewails her slighted love,
 Appeals to gods, and broken vows to prove,
 That false and callous to her peerless charms,
 Jason, with cursed speed, flew to a rival's arms.
 Without repose and food, her form decays,
 And keenest wo, on mental feeling preys.
 Soon as her lord confess'd his cruel scorn,
 Her down-cast eye hath never ceas'd to mourn.
 Deaf as a rock, or billow of the main,
 Our words she hears not, and our sighs are vain.

Turning her snowy neck, soft sorrows flow,
 And parent, kindred, country, swell her wo.
 These ties contemning, Jason rends her heart;
 Doom'd now to feel grief's most envenom'd dart.
 Far from her native land, she sighs to find
 How much of human bliss she left behind.
 Obdurate grown, her offspring meet her hate,
 Her ire, I dread, and tremble for their fate.
 For high her spirit, and but ill-form'd to bear
 The anxious anguish of a wasting care.
 I know her well, and sudden fears me chill,
 Lest, stealing slow, her vengeance to fulfil,
 She (hellish deed) her children's rest invade,
 And stain, with infant blood, her cursed blade.
 Or else the king and Jason, by her hand
 Untimely fall, and ills annoy our land.
 For dire her rage, nor will he, boasting, tell
 (Who tries its pow'r) he won with ease and well.
 But lo! flush'd from the course, and blooming gay,
 The children come, unconscious of dismay.
 Their mother's wrongs, how can *they* keenly feel?
 Youth is the foe of grief, and shuns it still.

FINIS.